

THE ROLL NOT CORRECT

Much Confusion Attends the Work of Paying Cuban Soldiers.

GOOD ORDER ON THE ISLAND.

General Brooke Pays the Natives a Compliment—Brigandage Not Known in the Ordinary Acceptance of the Term and the Law is Generally Upheld.

HAVANA, June 19.—The greatest confusion exists in the lists of Cuban soldiers at Canjani. Many of them cannot collect their \$75, as they appear on the rolls as having been promoted to the ranks of officers, of which fact they had no knowledge previously. The Remedios regiment contains apparently over 2,000 men, while the lists only give the names of 700. Soldiers who have fought since 1895 are not shown on the lists, while boys who served as camp followers are able to secure payment. A petition has been sent to Governor General Brooke asking him to order a revision of the list.

With reference to the report of brigandage, of thieving, and murders freely created, Governor General Brooke says that brigandage, in the American acceptance of the term, does not exist in Cuba. As for other deeds of violence he thinks it extraordinary, considering the war had devastated the island from end to end, that hardly a Cuban family has not suffered hardship or something worse, and that multitudes have been on the verge of starvation, that crimes of theft and bloodshed have been so few. General Brooke believes the percentage of crime among the Cubans today is probably less than among any other people in the world where conditions have been so gravely disturbed.

The governor general has ordered a number of much needed changes in the administration of justice. Heretofore the principal court in the various provinces, known as the audiencia, has had jurisdiction of criminal cases. Under the new arrangement the audiencia of each province will have jurisdiction in both civil and in criminal matters, with a right of appeal to parties, to the supreme court. Other reforms are now under consideration, particularly changed in the courts of first instance, where the laws now in force do not allow the judges such power as they have been invested by custom.

Dr. Brunner, chief sanitary officer in Havana province, will probably resign his position this month, the city of Havana having offered him a tempting salary to take charge of sanitary affairs here. The general opinion here is that every effort should be made to retain his services. He understands the local situations and the Cubans thoroughly. The keen sense of duty is recognized to the public as especially serviceable in the community, where there are so many attempts to evade the sanitary regulations.

Regarding the recent death of a United States marine from yellow fever, Major General Ludlow, the military governor, says that isolated cases are bound to occur occasionally, but he thinks it impossible that any infectious disease should occur without word being received by the sanitary department within a few hours.

According to advices from Guanajay, province of Pinar del Rio, the insurgents, after receiving their money, start for home, many of them on foot. One man was found murdered near Quibrochaca. All had been robbed. Armed bodies of Cubans continue to arrive here in large numbers, claiming that only within the last few days had they learned that money was awaiting them. Most of them have readily accepted the proposal of General Brooke that they should turn half their arms over to the civil governor, and receive ten days' rations, which will enable them to live until Lieutenant Colonel Randall returns to Havana and recomences payment here.

General Gomez expresses his willingness to aid the governor in arranging the lists. General Brooke is inclined to appoint a commission of Cuban officers, whose integrity would be guaranteed by Gomez.

Sales of Union Pacific Lands.
OMAHA, June 19.—During May the Union Pacific land department sold 118,691 acres of land in Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah and 6,890 acres in Kansas. Since the first of the year 62,842 acres have been sold in the latter state. C. E. Wantland, special agent for the department, who has charge of most of the sales in the west, says they will average about 100,000 acres a month during the year, making the total for the year 1,000,000 acres. The greater portion of the land is being sold to stockmen and this industry never had such a boom in the west as it is having now. Farmers everywhere in that section seem to be giving up a large portion of their agricultural operations and devoting more time to raising cattle and sheep.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—Before leaving for Europe Mrs. Stanford prepared two deeds which were placed on record today conveying valuable real estate to Stanford university. The property consists of 1,700 acres in Lassen county and 160 acres in Tehama county, which are to be transferred to the university now owned by the university. All this is in addition to her recent endowment of over \$11,000,000. By this latest gift Mrs. Stanford has transferred all her realty to the university save a house and lot in Sacramento, the residence of the senator and his family in early days.

Celebrate Bunker Hill Day.
BOSTON, June 19.—The one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated today. The center of the demonstration was at Charlestown. Marines and sailors from the North Atlantic squadron, which arrived in port yesterday, participated. Thousands of sightseers witnessed the parade.

ROBBERS TURN BACK SOUTH.

Pursuers Twelve Hours Behind Them at Sullivan's Sheep Ranch.

CASPER, Wyo., June 19.—Eight of the posse hunting the Union Pacific train robbers in the Hole-in-the-Wall country returned to Casper today. The robbers have left the Hole-in-the-Wall mountains and are traveling back south. The last heard of them was at Powder river, coming south. They seemed to be heading toward Wooten. A large party is following them now. Today guards were placed at all the bridges across the Platte river and new men with fresh horses started for the Wooten country. The pursuing party at Sullivan's sheep camp, where the robbers ate breakfast and took a pack horse and bed, were twelve hours behind. The robbers are traveling in a very broken country, with numerous washouts and a model place to hide. At Sullivan's camp only two robbers put in an appearance.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 19.—Cavalry who arrived yesterday from the pursuit of the Union Pacific train robbers report that the fugitives are now several days in advance of the pursuing posse. The robbers were supplied by a rustler friend near E. K. mountain, in the Hole-in-the-Wall country, with fine riding horses and two pack animals, plenty of food and a camp outfit. They were last seen starting across the main range of the Big Horn mountains, evidently making for the Jackson's Hole country, an admirable hiding place south of the Yellowstone National park. Their trails were lost on account of snow storms on the mountains. The course of the robbers, it is believed, will be across the Shoshone Indian reservation and the Indian police are out guarding the mountain passes.

Poses of Idaho and Montana officers have been started toward the Jackson's Hole country to co-operate with the Wyoming officers, who, under the direction of United States Marshall Hadsell, are still following the trail across central Wyoming. The authorities and Union Pacific management are determined to catch the robbers and the chase will be continued until they are run down.

BIG FIRE IN OMAHA.

One Man Fatally and a Number Seriously Injured.

OMAHA, June 19.—Fire in Allen Bros.' wholesale grocery establishment, accompanied by a terrific explosion of gunpowder, caused the fatal injury of one man and the more or less serious injury of eight others, at an early hour Sunday morning. Damage of \$250,000 was done to the building and stock.

Fatally injured:
Thomas J. Ruane, fireman, 1929 South Tenth street, burned about head and shoulders; died in a few hours.

Injured:
Lieutenant John Sullivan, hose company No. 3, residence 829 South Seventeenth, badly burned and lacerated about face, arm hurt.

Frank Hardy, fireman, living at 2104 Harney street, burned and cut about arms, neck and face.

Harry Redell, son of Chief Redell, residence 318 South Twentieth, legs badly cut and torn.

John Ormsby, living at 4027 Charles street, burned and cut about face and hands.

Mike Bird, fireman, 1016 Jackson street, forehead; severe.

Joseph Hoffman, fireman, No. 3, arm and forehead; severe.

Captain M. J. Dineen, No. 6, residence 623 South Twentieth.

Kofsky, cut about face and hands.

A Section Hand Hero.

CLEVELAND, O., June 19.—Blaz Patrie, a railroad section hand, proved himself a hero today and was fatally injured in an attempt to save a woman from death. Mrs. Jennie Price, who lived on Webster street, was riding a wheel across the Lake Shore tracks at the entrance to Gordon park, and fell in front of an approaching train. Patrie, who had been detailed to assist the flagman at the crossing, ran to Mrs. Price's assistance, but both he and the woman were run down. Mrs. Price lost a leg and an arm and suffered a fracture of the skull, while her rescuer was struck by the pilot of the engine and was picked up insensible from a bad wound in the head. The woman retained consciousness, but the physicians say both will die.

Shiloh Battlefield Monuments.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 19.—A meeting of the Illinois Shiloh battle field committee was held today in this city, with Major A. F. McEwen, of Litchfield, as chairman, to select designs for monuments to be erected on the battle field to the Illinois troops participating. General John A. McQuinn, of this city, presided, and Major George Mason of Chicago, is secretary. There will be a general monument to cost \$10,000, and 27 monuments to the infantry, 10 to the cavalry and 12 to the artillery.

Death of a Tornado Victim.

BLAIR, June 19.—Mrs. Andrew Anderson, who was badly injured in the Hernon cyclone, died here at 9 o'clock tonight. She was brought here to the Clifton hotel with her husband, who was also injured by the storm, and was removed to the home of Mr. Anderson's sister in the city, since which time she has been unconscious, blood poisoning having set in before death came.

Mrs. Anderson was 56 years of age and had been a resident of this country for a number of years. Her husband still suffers from his injuries, having several ribs broken at the time of the cyclone. They had a comfortable home in Hernon, which was totally destroyed.

Congressman Bland Buried.

LEBANON, Mo., June 19.—Congressman Richard Parks Bland was laid to rest here Saturday with honors befitting his illustrious career. The town was crowded with thousands of his friends who came to honor his memory. The funeral services were participated in by the ministers of all denominations represented in Lebanon.

NEW FRENCH CABINET

Task of Forming the Same Considered a Difficult One.

TWO PREMIERS SHUN THE WORK

Brisson Contents Himself with Expression of Good Wishes—Mellie Fails to See How He Can Help—Tressure Upon Casimir-Perier to Re-apt the Portfolio of War—His Co-operation Needed.

PARIS, June 19.—President Loubet received in audience early this morning M. Casimir-Perier, former president of France, and consulted with him regarding the ministerial crisis. The interview terminated about 11 o'clock, after which M. Loubet received Senator Pierre Waldeck-Rousseau. The latter, it is understood, has made his acceptance of the task of forming a cabinet conditional upon the co-operation of M. Casimir-Perier and certain sections of the chamber of deputies, which he hopes to secure. He has consulted with several statesmen and has had a very long conference with M. Lepine, former prefect of police of Paris.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau is meeting with considerable difficulty, but he appears determined. He will confer with M. Loubet again, probably tomorrow morning, before submitting a draft list of colleagues.

Of the three former premiers whom he has consulted, Maurice Rouvier, who was president of the council of ministers and minister of finance in 1887, alone consented to take a portfolio. Felix Mellie informed him that he failed to see how his appointment as premier would bring about a solution of the crisis. Henri Brisson contented himself with promising support and expressing good wishes.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau waited upon M. Casimir-Perier and earnestly endeavored to induce him to accept the portfolio of war, on the ground that his presence at the ministry of war would simplify the difficulties of the situation. Thereupon M. Casimir-Perier consulted with the president, who pointed out to him that he would be permitted to exercise more authority than anyone else over the generals in destroying the germs of irritation. M. Casimir-Perier replied that he had definitely withdrawn from politics, but, nevertheless, would undertake to consider the matter.

It is said that Clement Falliers, president of the senate, informed M. Loubet this afternoon that the senate seemed opposed to the inclusion of Alexander Millerand, the radical socialist, in the cabinet.

It is understood that if M. Waldeck-Rousseau fails the president will again summon M. Pelletier, whom he has asked to remain in Paris at his (M. Loubet's) disposition.

Death List in the War.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Major General Otis has reported to the war department an additional list of casualties among the soldiers under his command, amounting to five killed and fifty wounded, as follows:

MANILA, June 18.—Additional casualties:

Killed—Fourteenth infantry, at Zeapote, June 13:

SERGEANT THOMAS LAWS, Company L.

CORPORAL JOHN MOORE, Company L.

CORPORAL DAVID E. PAGUE, Company A.

PRIVATE NELSON T. LAMORIE, Company I.

Fifty-first Iowa:

WALTER WAGNER, Company A.

Seize Arms of the Carlists.

MADRID, June 19.—Official confirmation has been received here of the seizure of the yacht Firefly at Arachon, a popular summer bathing place thirty-five miles by rail southwest of Bordeaux, France, with 4,000 rifles and said to have been intended for the Carlists. It is asserted the Firefly belongs to Lord Ashburton, who is looked upon as being the representative of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, in England.

A well known Carlist who has been interviewed upon the subject said: "Even if 4,000 rifles have been seized, 8,000 have already entered the country."

The rifles are of the Chassepot pattern. The Firefly arrived at Arachon from Dartmouth, England.

John Sherman Again Ill.

MANSFIELD, O., June 19.—Ex-Secretary John Sherman is suffering from a recurrence of the lung trouble with which he was afflicted while on a trip to the West Indies. One June 8 he contracted a cold which developed into a mild but annoying affection of the lungs. His condition is not, however, regarded as serious by any means.

The President at Holyoke.

HOLYOKE, Mass., June 19.—Sunday for the president was anything but the day of rest that was hoped for. The continual crowding of the curious citizens, the immense jam at the church this morning and later in the day an unexpected and totally unprepared reception in connection with the baccalaureate exercises at Mount Holyoke college made the day long and tiresome for all. The president was not content with going once to church, but went twice, leaving Mrs. McKinley in the hands of her lady friends on each occasion.

Dreyfus Passes Cape Verde.

PARIS, June 19.—A dispatch from the Cape Verde Islands announces that the French second-class cruiser, Stex, carrying Captain Dreyfus, has passed en route for Brest, where she is expected before Saturday next.

It is understood that Captain Dreyfus will be landed by night and that a special train will be in waiting to take him to Rennes, where the court-martial is to be held.

Next Monday 21st.



CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I played in the sunny garden, amongst the thyme and rosemary, the climbing roses, the lilies, the sweet basil, and the scarlet anemones. I said my prayers in the dim chapel, and went to rest in my tiny cell."

"This lasted till I was ten years old. One day it rained heavily. As I have said, it was the only wet day that I remember. Soon after our midday dinner the great bell clanged at the gate, a very unusual occurrence. Sister Ursuline went to the gate, and I remember that one or two curious nuns and I were peeping through the grille when she came back, in evident agitation, and sought the mother superior. I was carried off by one of the nuns, my constant playfellow, a sweet woman of fifty, with the heart of a child. She kissed me lovingly as she held me in her arms. I remember it all so well!

"Sister Desirée," I whispered, "thou art crying."

"No, no, Bebe," she said; "it is nothing! I am rightly punished. My affection for thee has grown too deep, beloved—it is earthly. I know thou wilt be taken from me; it is but just."

"I did not understand her then. I was wonderfully childish for my ten years. But you cannot think how vividly I recall it—how I should remember every stone of the dear old convent, every path in the sunny garden!"

"You make me feel as if I could see it all myself—you interest me extremely," said Mr. Martineau. "Pray go on."

"Well, that was my last day with the nuns. It was the very last happy day of my life. They told me presently that my uncle had come for me. My uncle! The words conveyed no impression to my mind. Who was he? I did not want him. I declined, with thanks, the honor of relationship. When they made me understand that it was not a matter for my choice at all, that I must go with him, it was terrible. I

I could not understand anything she said, and I was quite determined not to learn English, which stood condemned in my eyes as the language of my uncle. At last, however, I had of course to give in, and to acquire by slow degrees, a knowledge of colloquial English.

"It was a dilapidated house, and, I am sure, in a most out-of-the-way place—there was no railway for several miles. There was a small village, and a tiny church in a very bad state of repair. I did not even remember the name of the clergyman."

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Martineau; "but, from the way you were talking, you lead me to imagine that you don't know where this place is. Is that so?"

"That is so, unfortunately," she answered, with drooping eyelids.

"How long did you live there?"

"From the time I was ten till about the time that I was sixteen."

"And you don't know where the place is?" His tone expressed the most absolute incredulity.

"No, I don't," she admitted shamefacedly.

"I hope you will forgive me; but I can scarcely believe such a thing," he said, looking rather excited and pale.

"Don't you know the name of the village? You must know that."

"But I don't," she faltered.

"But I can't understand it," he said.

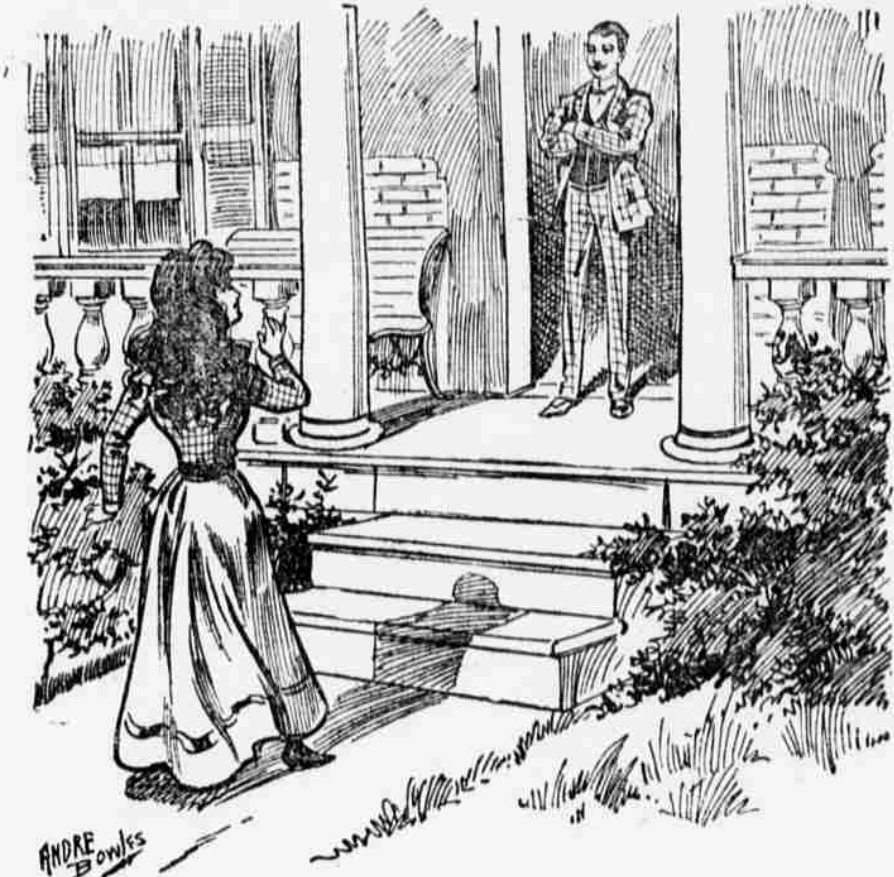
"I used to know it, of course," she remarked.

"You used to know it?"

"Oh, yes; but I have forgotten it!" She blushed deeply while making this admission.

"I am hopelessly at sea," said Mr. Martineau. His grey eyes rested on her face with suspicion. It was easy to see that he thought she was trying to deceive him.

"May I go on," she said, "and try to explain how I came to forget all these things? I can offer you an explanation;



"YOU STARTLED ME," HE SAID.

threw myself into such a passion as the nuns had never seen me in. But there was no help for it. I never asked who or what was my uncle; but he must have come vested with full authority, for the nuns never hesitated to resign me to him. I remember how I clung round the neck of each, and promised to come back soon. My distress was unbounded, but it changed to terror when I beheld my uncle.

"I had never seen a man but the old confessor and Jean Baptiste Leroux, who dug the garden. This new arrival was not at all calculated to impress a child favorably. He was a stout man with a short red beard, red hair, and very small, twinkling, pig-like black eyes. His expression was cunning and cruel; and, to make matters worse, I could not understand a word he said. He was English. I was to all intents and purposes French. He did not consider it at all worth his while to attempt to cajole me in any way. He packed me into a carriage, heedless of my screams and tears; and so we drove away in the dusk, the pelting rain descending in a blinding mist and hiding the beloved convent walls from my poor aching eyes.

"I have very faint recollections of my journey to England; but the one thing which I distinctly remember is that we always traveled by night. I remember, too, that my uncle twice boxed my ears—once when he told me to leave off crying and I did not, once when I stumbled over his foot; but, what with being always in tears, and always traveling in the dark, my idea of our route is very indistinct.

"I remember at last starting from sleep at the sound of bolts and bars being withdrawn, and seeing a glare of lamplight and a woman's face, middle-aged and rather kindly. My uncle dragged me out of the carriage and handed me over to her, blinking with sleep, dazed with travel, half crying and half laughing. I think she put me to bed. At first, any conversation with her was very difficult, as

but I don't know why I should expect you to believe it. I have often thought that no lawyer would believe my story. But what can I do?"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Martineau was compelled to confess to himself that her sincerity was self-evident.

"Please go on," he said.

"It is a difficult thing to tell, I know so little about it myself," she resumed. "The woman whom I have mentioned was my uncle's housekeeper. She was kind to me, but I was afraid of her. She was a very reserved, silent woman—I think she spoke less than any woman I ever knew. Our house stood quite by itself, a good way from the high road, and three miles from the village. I was never allowed beyond the grounds without the housekeeper."

"Every day the old schoolmaster from the village came to give me lessons. It was, as you may imagine, a very old-fashioned education which I received; but I liked it. My uncle had a library—neither large nor valuable, but I read all the books on those shelves. Robinson Crusoe, Rasselas, Gulliver, the Pilgrim's Progress—that was my only idea of fiction. So the days and months crept slowly by. My uncle was often away, and I used to notice, at those times, a greater anxiety on the part of the housekeeper to have an eye on me, and that I should not go out of bounds. I was no doubt closely watched; but by degrees they grew to trust me more, for I was very tractable. Constant isolation made me dull, quiet, unlike other girls. I had absolutely no link with the outer world; I had been distinctly forbidden to write to the nuns—I knew no one in England. My uncle used to have visitors—always men—but these I never saw. I lived quite apart from him; his rooms were at the other end of the house. I always had my meals with the housekeeper."

"Pardon my interruption," said Mr.

Martineau, in a low tone. "Did you say you never saw your uncle's guests?"

"Wait a minute; I am going to tell you," she replied. "When I was between sixteen and seventeen a change came about in my world. The old schoolmaster died. There was a pause in the regular routine of my days. Left entirely to my own devices, I used to wander all over the upper parts of the house. In one of the attics I found a box full of books. Some were dull and uninteresting, but some were—well, I do not think you can have any idea of what it was to me to become acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray and Lord Lytton. My brain almost reeled with an accumulation of new ideas. I wondered how in the world I could have remained where I was so long in helpless, stupid ignorance of life. I soon resolved that I would bear it no longer. I would brave my uncle; I would demand my freedom; I would ask why I was mewed up thus in a corner, away from all companionship."

"I remember that night vividly. It was August, sultry and still, and both atmosphere and sky were beautifully clear. I had spent the afternoon under the willows by the brook, gazing over my novel till the fading light compelled me to close the book. The pastures, as I walked lingeringly back to the house, were heavy with dew, and discolored the hem of my white cotton dress. I must have been a strange looking girl; my hair floated all over my shoulders and down my back below my waist; nobody had ever told me that I was growing up, and that my locks should be arranged more neatly. I came with slow steps round the corner of the house, brushing my hand softly along the thick dark box trees; my lightly-shod feet made no noise on the gravel as I turned the corner of the clump of thick bushes which stood at each side of the entrance, and advanced toward the heavy white columns of the porch."

"Then I started back and paused irresolutely, for there was a stranger standing by the door—a young man with bare head and folded arms. I beg your pardon, Mr. Martineau, did I startle you?"

"Not in the least, thanks. You—you can't think how you interest me. Please don't pause."

"It seems a strange thing that up to that night I had never encountered any of my uncle's guests, but it is nevertheless quite true. As he turned and caught sight of me, he uttered an exclamation of surprise."

"You startled me," he said.

"You startled me, too," I answered vaguely, as I looked at him, there came floating into my mind reminiscences of the romances with which I had lately filled my head. I thought of the first meeting between Ivanhoe and Rebecca as I looked up at him. He took my hand, drew me to his side, and patted my hair kindly.

"Whose dear little girl are you?" he said.

"I felt cruelly wounded and hurt! There was every excuse for him—you see how small I am, no taller than a child, my hair was all down my back, and the light was fading! But I never thought of that. Picture to yourself a girl, with a mind just awakened to a consciousness of womanhood and its possibilities, brought face to face with the first young man she had ever met, and greeted as I was greeted then! He must have thought me mad. I burst into indignant tears, and tore myself away from him."

"How dare you—oh, how dare you speak to me like that?" I cried. "I can't think how you can insult me so!" "I think he saw then that he had made a mistake, for he said, 'By George, I beg your pardon!' But I would not stay another moment. I ran upstairs to my own room. There I cried as if my heart would break. I had deeply realized how neglected I was, and there was no one to help me to gain redress!"

(To be continued.)

CLIMBING STAIRS

Just the Thing to Strengthen the Lungs and Cure Dyspepsia.

New York Times: The average landlady of the average lodging-house is nothing if not resourceful and original. When it comes to the question of the merits of her particular house, the unoccupied rooms of which are open to inspection at all reasonable hours, her vocabulary is practically unlimited, and while her English may not always be without reproach, it is sufficiently lucid and forcible to give a good idea of the many excellences of her domain. It has remained, however, for a landlady living not 1,000 miles from West Eighteenth street to make, with the assistance of a number of unknown medical men, the astounding discovery that climbing up numerous flights of stairs is not only not injurious, but is actually beneficial to the health. "Why, bless you," she said to a young man, an unfortunate seeker after rooms, who protested that the fourth floor was too high up for him because of the weary and hurtful stair climbing, "why, bless you, it's the best thing in the world for you. The doctors all around here are recommending stair climbing for dyspepsia and lung trouble! They say it's the best thing in the world for either of these complaints, if you'll only walk up stairs often enough and always be sure to throw your shoulders well back." The seeker protested that he was troubled with none of these complaints. "Oh, well," said the obliging landlady, "that doesn't matter. It's good for the general health. You don't care to try it? Very well. Good-day," and the door closed firmly behind the outcast young man, who was wondering what tale would confront him in the next house.